

ST. FRANCIS CHURCH
26th and K Streets

Saturday, March 14, 2015 @ 8:00 PM
Sunday, March 15, 2015 @ 3:00 PM

HARRIS CENTER FOR THE ARTS
Folsom Lake College

Tuesday, March 17, 2015 @ 7:00 PM

CELTIC JOURNEYS

FEATURING IRISH/
SCOTTISH FOLK DUO
MEN OF WORTH



sacramento
MASTER SINGERS
Advancing the Art, Lifting the Soul

Dr. Ralph Hughes
Artistic Director & Conductor

Tina Harris
Assistant Conductor

Heidi Van Regenmorter
Accompanist



SACRAMENTO REGION
COMMUNITY FOUNDATION

SACRAMENTO METROPOLITAN

ARTS
COMMISSION



CELTIC JOURNEYS

FEATURING IRISH/
SCOTTISH DUO
MEN OF WORTH



SACRAMENTO REGION
COMMUNITY FOUNDATION



Media Vita

MEDIEVAL CHANT;
ARRANGED BY MICHAEL MCGLYNN

Soloists: Gabe Catabran, Thomas Voigt

Salve Rex Glorïae

TRADITIONAL 13TH CENTURY;
MUSIC BY MICHAEL MCGLYNN

*Soloists: Steve Hill, Matt Metcalf,
Eva Cranstoun, Nancy Slocum*

The Maid of Culmore

TRADITIONAL IRISH;
ARRANGED BY JOSEPH GREGORIO

The Rising of the Moon

TRADITIONAL IRISH BALLAD;
ARRANGED BY CLIFFORD SHOCKNEY

Men of Worth

Land of MacLeod

TRADITIONAL SCOTTISH FOLK SONG;
ARRANGED BY MEN OF WORTH

Song of the Dawn

TRADITIONAL IRISH FOLK SONG;
LYRICS BY BRIAN O'HIGGINS

Leonora

GORDON MENZIES

Danny Boy

IRISH AIR;
ARRANGED BY MEN OF WORTH

Cúnnla

MICHAEL MCGLYNN

Soloists: Kelsey Smith, Mia Watts

Mouth Music

DOLORES KEANE AND JOHN FAULKNER

The Rocky Road to Dublin

TRADITIONAL IRISH FOLK SONG;
ARRANGED BY MARK BRYMER

INTERMISSION

Heia Viri

TEXT BY ST. COLUMBANUS;
MUSIC BY MICHAEL MCGLYNN

Ye Jacobites By Name

TRADITIONAL SCOTTISH TUNE;
LYRICS BY ROBERT BURNS;
ARRANGED BY CLIFFORD SHOCKNEY

The Sound of Iona

TRADITIONAL SCOTTISH BALLAD;
ARRANGED BY CLIFFORD SHOCKNEY

Men of Worth

The St. Kilda Wedding/

Connemara Girl

TRADITIONAL SCOTTISH REEL/
TRADITIONAL IRISH FOLK SONG;
ARRANGED BY MEN OF WORTH/
ARRANGED BY JIMMY FITZGERALD

Black Is the Color

TRADITIONAL SCOTTISH FOLK MELODY

Ta Mo Chleamhnas Deanta

TRADITIONAL IRISH FOLK SONG

Loch Lomond

SCOTTISH FOLKSONG;
ARRANGED BY JONATHAN QUICK

Soloists: Ian Tillman, Matt Metcalf, Matt Wihl

She Moved Through the Fair

IRISH BALLAD;
ARRANGED BY TIMOTHY C. TAKACH

Dúlamán

IRISH WORKING SONG;
ARRANGED BY MICHAEL MCGLYNN

*Soloists: Andrew Smith, Chris Webster,
Kirk Rosander, Kurtis Kroon*

The Voice

WORDS/MUSIC BY BRENDAN GRAHAM;
ARRANGED BY ROGER EMERSON

Soloists: Emily Burr, Nancy Slocum



soprano

Angela Boardman
 Emily Burr
 Eva Cranstoun
 Ann Gilbert
 Ashley Hamrick
 Tina Harris* †
 Jennifer Helm
 Debbie Hill
 Pearl Hinlo
 Suzanna Hoye
 Julie Jenness
 Elli Johnston
 Amber Lidskin
 Nancy Slocum
 Kelsey Smith
 Mia Watts

alto

Celia Buckley
 Lucy Bunch
 Diane Carpenter
 Barbara Celli
 Katharine Hall
 Laurie Hanschu
 Suk Holmes
 Carol Horner*

Debra Kahan
 Laura Lofgren
 Carol McCormick*
 Gretchen Morgan
 Mary Patt
 Kassie Rivera
 Haruko Sakakibara

tenor

Stephen Hill
 Byron Jackson
 David Kasperik
 Kurtis Kroon
 Matt Metcalf
 Paul Miller
 Jared Richardson
 Ron Richardson
 Kirk Rosander
 Dave Segura
 Andrew Smith
 Derek Sup
 David Temme*
 Chris Webster
 Matt Wihl

† Assistant Conductor
 * Section Leader

bass

David Aagaard
 Keith Atwater
 Kevin Branson
 Gabe Catabran
 Joe Dunca
 Chris Goff
 Bernard Hinlo
 John Masters
 David Robinson
 Jon Sorensen
 Ian Tillman
 Thomas Voigt
 William Zinn*

instrumentalists

KEYBOARD

David Kasperik
 Kurtis Kroon

PERCUSSION

Lucy Bunch
 Elli Johnston
 Thomas Voigt

RECORDER

Joe Dunca

VIOLIN

Kirk Rosander

The Sacramento Master Singers

The Sacramento Master Singers (SMS) is a choir of over 50 singers from the greater Sacramento area that was established in 1982. We are dedicated to the advancement of choral music and are known to delight and inspire audiences with programs that include premieres, classics, and a wide variety of musical periods and styles.

Possible re-write: SMS offers profound thanks to the guest directors who have conducted the choir, including Joseph Jennings, Perla Warren, Moses Hogan, Maria Guinand, Oscar Escalada, Brian Stratton, Alice Parker, and Vance George. We are also grateful to the numerous individuals and ensembles we collaborated with, such as the Boston Pops, Sacramento Philharmonic, Sacramento Youth Symphony, Lynn Stevens and the Sacramento Children's Chorus, James Wheatley and Celebration Arts, Linda Goodrich and the Sacramento Black Art of Dance, Sacramento Opera, Gershwin expert and pianist Richard Glazier, the Folsom Symphony, and Celtic music duo Men of Worth.

SMS has performed many area premieres such as the Robert D. Levin completion of the Mozart *Requiem* and the Alfred Schnittke *Requiem*. We have commissioned and performed new works such as *Elements* by David O and *How Can I Keep From Singing?* by Larry Shackley. We often contract with instrumentalists to provide additional accompaniment, including such outstanding performers as Grammy award winning Native American flutist Mary Youngblood.

SMS plays a leadership role in bringing high quality choral music to area youth through outreach programs, collaboration with college choirs, scholarships for young singers, and children's holiday concerts. We were one of three North American choirs selected to perform at the international choral festival America Cantat in Venezuela and were the only community choir invited to perform at the American Choral Directors Association 2012 convention in Reno, Nevada. We remain committed to advancing the art and lifting the soul.

**conductor/
artistic director**
Dr. Ralph Hughes

**assistant conductor/
outreach & scholarship
coordinator**
Tina Harris

accompanist
Heidi Van Regenmorter

board of directors
PRESIDENT
William Zinn

VICE-PRESIDENT/PUBLICITY
Carol McCormick

SECRETARY
Katharine Hall

TREASURER
Stephen Hill

CHORAL LIAISON
Lucy Bunch

business manager
Julie Jenness

librarian
Carol Horner

**sms artistic
advisory board**
Lynn Stevens
James Wheatley
Barbara Zettel

Dr. Ralph E. Hughes



Dr. Ralph Edward Hughes has served as Conductor of the Sacramento Master Singers since 1986. His leadership generated increased recognition for the group's high performance standards, innovative programming, and interest in serving the community. This is evidenced by the global invitations extended to these singers to perform and by the tremendous increase in audience attendance. Dr. Hughes' direction helped fulfill the community's need for a professional-caliber chamber choir.

Dr. Hughes received his Bachelor's Degree and teaching credential from California State University, Sacramento in 1983. He taught music and drama for seven years at Bella Vista High School in Fair Oaks and, since 1990, he teaches choir, voice, and piano at American River College. He was awarded

his Master's Degree in Choral Conducting from California State University, Sacramento in December 1992 and his Doctoral Degree in Conducting in 2002 from the University of South Carolina.

Dr. Ralph Hughes is a member of the California Music Educators Association, the American Choral Director's Association, and the International Federation for Choral Music. In 1995, he was recognized as "Outstanding Music Educator of the Year" by the California Music Educators Association Capitol Section.

Dr. Hughes focuses on extending the Master Singers' impact on the community through an emphasis on multicultural music and programming designed to stimulate interest among the area's young people. Regular participation in the World

Symposium on Choral Music introduces him to the world's leading choral directors and composers of choral music, and he responds by programming many exciting new works.



Toni Adams first learned sign language at American River College in the 1980's so that she could more fully express her faith. Over the years, she has taught American Sign Language (ASL) to both children and adults — including children of parents with hearing impairments. SMS is very grateful for the experience and expression she adds to our concerts.



The folk-music duo, Men of Worth, was formed by James Keigher (of Ireland) and Donnie Macdonald (of Scotland) in 1986. Both exiles, it was through the Celtic music scene in Southern California that James and Donnie first met, and within a couple of years a partnership developed that was simultaneously serious and fun.

Geographical changes now find James and Donnie living in Southern Oregon and Northern California respectively. Whilst remaining true to their Gaelic roots, Men of Worth successfully evolved as entertainers. Success breeds success, and a natural progression toward education and travel sealed the next decade as an exciting and pioneering era for the versatile duo.

Together Men of Worth blend their voices with harmony and support their collection of songs with their varied selection of instruments. They have a very simple approach to their presentation, and in keeping with tradition, remain true to the music and story. Their show is a unique combination of humor, exciting tunes, and soulful, heartfelt ballads.

Men of Worth are an international act, and have earned much respect and success in two decades of touring. Cultural presentations in schools receive rave reviews by students and teachers alike. Performing concerts, festivals, and recording ten albums, Men of Worth continue the very tradition from which they evolved.

Donnie Macdonald comes from the Isle of Lewis, one of the Hebridean Islands off the west coast of Scotland. Writing tunes and original songs in both his first language, Gaelic, and in English, Donnie presents the music from his native Scotland with passion and humour. Donnie performs on vocals, octave mandolin, tenor banjo, concertina, and bodhran.

James Keigher comes from County Mayo in the west of Ireland. He is a singer, writer, and collector of traditional and contemporary folk music. James was raised in Charlestown, a small rural community setting, steeped in traditional music and stories. He performs on vocals, guitar, mando-cello, and bodhran.

Program Notes and Texts

Media Vita

MEDIEVAL CHANT; ARRANGED BY MICHAEL MCGLYNN

Michael McGlynn, born in Dublin Ireland in 1964, is a composer of choral works that have been performed all over the world by exclusive groups such as Chanticleer, the BBC Singers, the Phoenix Chorale, and many others. In 1987 he founded the group Anuna that has recorded and produced 16 albums of compositions and arrangements by McGlynn, including this one.

"Irish monks such as Nokter enriched the art of chant writing in the Middle Ages. This early-10th century work was considered unlucky due to its subject matter, which concerns death, and the piece was banned from the Church for many centuries." — Michael McGlynn

Media vita in morte sumus
Quem quaerimus adiutorem nisite Domine
Qui pro peccatis nostris

*In the midst of life we are in death
What helper do we seek except you, O Lord
You who died for our sins*

CHORUS
Sancte Deus, sancte fortis
Sancte misericors salvator
Amare morti ne tradas nos

CHORUS
*Holy God, holy and powerful
O holy compassionate savior
Do not give us over to the bitterness of death*

In te speraverunt Patres nostris
Speraverunt et liberasti eos

*In you our fathers placed their hopes
They placed their hopes and you freed them*

EXTENDED CHORUS

EXTENDED CHORUS

Media vita in morte sumus

In the midst of life we are in death

Salve Rex Gloriae

TRADITIONAL 13TH CENTURY; MUSIC BY MICHAEL MCGLYNN

This energetic and dramatic piece for percussion and choir, with two solo parts, describes a hunt undertaken by three warriors who compare themselves to the ancient heroes of Ireland. The text comes from the 13th century.

Duis eadh a gainn dámh donn a doire
donn níamhdha nua...

*We awoke a great brown stag
from the new grass...*

Three brave heroes woke with the sun;
On a misty morning three were as one.
The ancient forest rang with the sound
Of a crystal-tongued blackbird and the
cry of a hound.

Salve rex gloriae...

Salve rex gloriae...

We are Oisín, Caoilte and Fionn;
Three great hunters and we follow the sun,
Through the mountain of Mish through
the heather and briar;
Through the green slopes of Cua with our
hearts full of fire.

Salve rex gloriae...

Salve rex gloriae...

Danú, danú, danú dé...

Danú, danú, danú, Goddess...

Three brave heroes woke with the sun;
On a misty morning three were as one.
The ancient forest rang with the sound
Of a crystal-tongued blackbird and the cry
of a hound.

The Maid of Culmore

TRADITIONAL IRISH; ARRANGED BY JOSEPH GREGORIO

Culmore (Chúil Mhór - "the great corner") is located in Derry City (aka Londonderry) the second largest city in Northern Ireland and was a departure point for those emigrating to America in the 19th century. Modern composer Joseph Gregorio has set this traditional Irish ballad, which plaintively expresses the pull of pilgrimage, and progressively evokes the tumult of the sea and the stormy winds that mirror the yearning for departed love. The arresting final section conjures up the loneliness of leaving one's homeland to wander, "...For it's there I know no one and no one knows me."

An interesting note from history is that Amelia Earhart landed her sputtering plane in a pasture at Culmore after her 1932 transatlantic solo flight. A small museum documents her record.

From sweet Londonderry
to the fair London town,
There is no finer harbor
anywhere to be found,
Where the children each evening
they play 'round the shore,
And the joy bells are ringing for
the maid of Culmore.

If I had the power
the storms for to rise,
I would make the wind blow
and I'd darken the skies;
I would make the wind blow
and the salt seas to roar
To the day that my darling
sailed away from Culmore.

The first time I saw her,
she passed me by;
And the next time I saw her,
she bade me goodbye;
But the last time I saw her,
it grieved my heart sore;
For she sailed down Lough Foyle
and away from Culmore.

To the far parts of America
my love I'll go and see,
For it's there I know no one,
and no one knows me;
And if I don't find her
I'll return home no more;
Like a pilgrim I'll wander
for the maid of Culmore.

The Rising of the Moon

TRADITIONAL IRISH BALLAD; ARRANGED BY CLIFFORD SHOCKNEY

The Rising of the Moon *is often performed by Men of Worth as a simple ballad. Clifford Shockney, the Sacramento Master Singers' arranger and frequent accompanist, expanded the piece to include a flutist, piano, and choir. We hope you enjoy this arrangement, lovingly written for SMS and Men of Worth.*

As we wander through the Universe,
on this dark winter's night,
the children they're all dancing
and the stars are shining bright.
One more word must now be spoken out,
or sung to an old tune;
Let's be friends this New Year coming
at the Rising of the Moon.

CHORUS

At the Rising of the Moon,
at the Rising of the Moon,
Let's be friends this New Year coming
at the Rising of the Moon.

As we gaze into the stars that shine,
with wonder in our eyes,
will we just destroy the planet?
Or is peace to be the prize?
For the wail of fighting nations
dims the beauty of the tune.
Let's all dance the dance of Freedom,
at the Rising of the Moon.

CHORUS

May the wisdom of the Ancients
with their messages and signs
come to shine on our tomorrow,
with the magic of the time.
Like the star that shone on the wise men,
like the dawn that's coming soon,
it's the truth that guides us onwards
at the Rising of the Moon.

CHORUS

We can live within God's garden
if we tend it with our care.
We can understand the meaning
and the motive of the fair.
Tho' we stumble thru the darkness
trying far too much too soon,
let's all stand up and be counted
at the Rising of the Moon.

CHORUS

Land of MacLeod

TRADITIONAL SCOTTISH FOLK SONG; ARRANGED BY MEN OF WORTH

From the Gaelic song Tha mo dhùil, Tha mo dhùil, this traditional folk song was translated by Roddy MacMillan, who came from the Scottish highlands. These lyrics capture the experience of many Scots asked to risk life and limb in service to England while being betrayed at home by clan chieftains and landowners who pursued the policy of clearing the Glens of people to make room for sheep.

Tha mo dhùil, Tha mo dhùil
Tha mo dhùil-sa ri tilleadh
Dh'ionnsaigh dùthaich MhicLeòid
Far an òg robh mi mire.

*I hope, I hope,
I hope to return
to MacLeod's country (the Isle of Skye)
Where in my childhood I played.*

CHORUS

I will go, I will go
When the fighting is over
To the land of MacLeod
That I left to be a soldier
I will go, I will go

I've a buckle tae my belt
A sword in my scabbard
A red coat on my back
And a shilling in my pocket
I will go, I will go

When the King's son came along
And called us all together
Saying, Brave Highland men
Will you fight for my father?
I will go, I will go

CHORUS

When they put us all on board
The lassies they were singing
But the tears came to their eyes
When the bells started ringing
I will go, I will go

When we landed on the shore
And saw the foreign heather
We knew that some would fall
And would lie there forever
I will go, I will go

CHORUS

When we came back to the glen
The winter it was coming
Our goods lay in the snow
And our houses were burning
I will go... I will go

CHORUS

Song of the Dawn

TRADITIONAL IRISH FOLK SONG; LYRICS BY BRIAN O'HIGGINS

O'Higgins began writing poetry at age 14, under the pen name Brian na Banban. O'Higgins was a 1916 (Easter Uprising) veteran, a renowned balladeer, poet, and historian. He was elected to the 1st and 2nd All Ireland Dáil Éireann governments. This song was once a favourite marching song of the West Cork Flying Columns during the Anglo-Irish War.

The song I sing is a song of home,
A song of roisin dubh,
Of glade and glen, of ford and fen,
Of lake and of mountain blue,
Of the signs that stand over all the land
To tell of the long ago,
Let your voices ring in the song I sing,
Sean Eireann an Gael go deo.
(Old Ireland will be Gaelic forever)

CHORUS

Hurrah, the night is ended,
We see the dawn's red glow!
Oh, shout it high, 'tis a free men's cry,
Sean Eireann an Gael go deo.

I sing of every wood and stream,
Of tower and vale and town,
Where brave men died,
 where brave men tried
To tear the red rag down,
From Kerry brave to the widest wave
Where Lagan's waters flow,
From [Tobair na Righ?] to the winding Lee,
Sean Eireann an Gael go deo.

I'll raise a rann for the ones who tread
The path to the dawning day,
Who will pause no more till their native shore
Is free from the Saxon sway,
Till from every hill and from every rill
The freedom cry shall go,
From old and young in the Gaelic tongue,
Sean Eirann an Gael go deo.

Leonora

GORDON MENZIES

This is a song about the Donegal fishing fleets in Ireland by Gordon Menzies of the duo, Gaberlunzie. Gordon was moved to write this song after spending some time in County Donegal. It captures the anguish and hope of one family during troubled times.

You may sing all your songs of the rights
and the wrongs
As the troubles through Ireland are creeping.
Is there no love at all left in dear Donegal?
Are the Rosses to drown in your weeping?
Leonora, my dear, shed a tear, shed a tear.
I will kiss your fond brow when you're
sleeping.

Down in old Burtonport with the colleens
you'll sport
While the Angelus sings to the evening.
But tonight you must sleep slumber deep.
Slumber deep,
'Til the Dream Maker brings you his
dreaming.
Leonora, my prize, close your eyes, close
your eyes.
Very soon now the moon will be beaming.

May you dream of the hills where the
morning air fills
With the joy of the lark in the Heavens.
May you dream of the tide where the
fishing boats glide
From the harbours of home that they're
leaving.
Leonora, my love, dream of heaven above,
And forget all the bad times and grieving.

Leonora, we'll stay while your father's away
With those other fisher lads soon returning.
Hear the banshee soft croon to the
Donegal moon.
Ahh, the old people say that's a warning.
Leonora, we'll pray, keep the trouble times
away,
And send daddy safe home in the
morning.

Danny Boy

IRISH AIR; ARRANGED BY MEN OF WORTH

Differing theories exist regarding the meaning of these lyrics, penned to the tune of "Londonderry Air" in the early 1900s by Weatherly. Some interpret the song to be a message from a parent to a son headed off to war. Alternately, it could be a song of goodbye by someone leaving his/her homeland as a part of the Irish diaspora.

Oh Danny boy,
the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen,
and down the mountain side.
The summer's gone,
and all the flowers are dying.
'Tis you, 'tis you must go
and I must bide.

But come ye back
when summer's in the meadow
Or when the valley's hushed
and white with snow.
'Tis I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow.
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so.

But when ye come,
and all the flowers are dying,
If I am dead, as dead I well may be.
You'll come and find the place
where I am lying
And kneel and say an "Ave" there for me.

And I shall hear,
tho' soft you tread above me,
And all my grave
will warm and sweeter be,
For you will bend
and tell me that you love me,
And I shall sleep in peace
until you come to me.

Cúnnla

MICHAEL MCGLYNN

Cúnnla is believed to have been written sometime in the 14th century and is a type of lullaby or baby tickling song. The writer is unknown, and it is normally sung in Sean-nos, a unique style of unaccompanied singing in the Irish language. Many artists have sung Cúnnla through the years, but one of the most notable versions was by Joe Heaney on the album "The Road from Connemara."

"Cé hé siúd thíos atá 'leagan na
gclaíocha?"

"Mise mé féin" a deir Cúnnla.

"Who is that down there knocking the (stone)
walls?"

"Me, myself" says Cúnnla.

"Cé hé siúd thíos atá 'tarraingt na pluide
dhíom?"

"Mise mé féin" a deir Cúnnla.

"Who is that down there pulling the blanket
off me?"

"Me, myself" says Cúnnla.

"Cé hé siúd thíos atá tochas mo
bhonnachaí?"

"Mise mé féin" a deir Cúnnla.

"Who is that down there tickling the soles of
my feet?"

"Me, myself" says Cúnnla.

Curfá

"Chúnnla 'chroí ná tar níos goire dhom!"

"M'anam go tiocfaidh!" deir Cúnnla.

Curfá

"Cúnnla dear don't come any nearer to me!"

"My soul I will!" says Cúnnla.

Mouth Music

DOLORES KEANE AND JOHN FAULKNER

Celtic mouth music, sometimes called lilting, diddling or port-a-beul ("tunes from the mouth") comes from the Gaelic tradition of lively dance songs. Suggestive of instrumental music, it is vocal music meant for dancing in which the singers imitate the music of fiddles, bagpipes, and Jew's harps. This particular tune hails from the Hebrides, a chain of islands off the west coast of Scotland. This rendering is a direct transcription of the version sung for many years by the famous Irish musicians Dolores Keane and John Faulkner.

Ho ro, halabada ho ro, halabada ho ro,
Halabada hangghee hangman horo.

Dance to your shadow
An' it's good to be livin' lad,
Dance to your shadow
An' there's nothin' but a knee.

Hinn, hinn, halabada hinn, hinn,
halabada hinn, hinn,
Halabada hinn, halabada ro.

There are tyunes in the river water,
Pools in the river water,
Pools in the river and the river calls him.

Ho ro, halabada ho ro, halabada ho ro,
Halabada hangghee hangman ho ro.

Hinn, hinn, halabada hinn, hinn,
halabada hinn, hinn,
Halabada hinn, halabada ro.

The Rocky Road to Dublin

TRADITIONAL IRISH FOLK SONG; ARRANGED BY MARK BRYMER

The lyrics describe a journey for a young man who leaves his friends and family of the town Tuam in Galway intending to find employ, but he is met with mockery and thievery. The words are most often attributed to D.F. Galvan, known as the "Galway Poet" of the 1800s, but are possibly written by Patrick J. McCall in a poem called "The Dance at Marley". The song has the Irish rhythm for slip jigs in 9/8 timing that are traditionally played slowly, but this is performed with a quick tempo and lively instrumentation taking us happily down the rocky road to Dublin.

Fol-ol de-da!
Down the rocky road!
To Dublin, to Dublin, to Dublin...

In the merry month of May
from my home, I started.
Left the girls of Tuam,
nearly broken hearted.
Saluted father dear,
kissed me darlin' mother.
Drank a pint of beer,
me grief and tears to smother.
Then, off to reap the corn
and leave where I was born.
I cut a stout blackthorn
to banish ghost and goblin.
In a bran' new pair of brogues,
I rattled o'er the bogs.
And frightened all the dogs
on the rocky road to Dublin.

CHORUS

One, two, three, four, five.
Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky
road and all the way to Dublin.
Whack fol-ol de-da.
To Dublin, to Dublin, to Dublin.

In Mullingar that night
I rested limbs so weary.
Started by daylight
next morning light and airy.
Took a drop of the pure,
to keep me heart from sinkin'.

That's the Paddy's cure,
whene'er he's on for drinkin'.
To see the lassies smile,
laughin' all the while.
At me curious style,
'twould set your heart a bubblin'.
They ax'd if was I hired,
the wages I required.
'Til I was almost tired
of the rocky road to Dublin.

CHORUS

In Dublin next arrived,
I thought it such a pity,
To be so soon deprived
a view of that fine city.
When I took a stroll
all among the quality,
Me bundle it was stole
all in that neat locality.
Somethin' crossed my mind,
then I looked behind.
No bundle I could find
upon me stick a-wobblin'.
Enquir'in' for the rogue,
they said me Connaught brogue,
Wasn't much in vogue
on the rocky road to Dublin.

EXTENDED CHORUS

Heia Viri

TEXT BY ST. COLUMBANUS; MUSIC BY MICHAEL MCGLYNN

This thrilling piece has text provided by St. Columbanus, an Irish monk who lived from 543 A.D. to 615 A.D., and wrote some of the most fascinating Irish poems of the 6th century. He was a missionary traveler of Europe, setting up monasteries, associating with kings, corresponding with popes, and often generating controversy with his Irish Celtic traditions influencing the monastic communities he created. This piece may have been written and inspired by his journey up the Rhine after his expulsion from the Gaul region of Western Europe since it is praising the virtues of strength against ones enemies.

Heia viri,
Nostrum reboans echo sonet heia!

*Heave men!
Let the ringing echo resound with our voices!*

Extollunt venti flatus,
Nocet horridus imber,
Sed vis apta virum superat
Sternitque procellam.

*The winds blast,
and the rain is terrible,
But men's strength subdues
and conquers the storm.*

State animo fixi,
Hostisque spernite strofas,
Virtutum vosmet, armis
Defendite rite.

*Stand brave and firm
against the evil one.
Arm yourself with virtue
Defend the right.*

Nam cedunt nimbi studio
Ceditque procellam
Sed vis apta virum superat
Sternitque procellam.

*Clouds melt away
and the great storm passes.
But men's strength subdues
and conquers the storm.*

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

Ye Jacobites By Name

TRADITIONAL SCOTTISH TUNE; LYRICS BY ROBERT BURNS;
ARRANGED BY CLIFFORD SHOCKNEY

Ye Jacobites By Name dates back to the Jacobite Risings in Scotland (1688-1746). While the original version simply attacked the Jacobites (literally, the followers of deposed James II, and his descendants including Bonnie Prince Charlie) from a contemporaneous Whig point of view, Robert Burns rewrote it in around 1791 to give a version with a more general, humanist anti-war outlook.

Ye Jacobites by name,
 give an ear, give an ear,
Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear,
Ye Jacobites by name,
Your faultes I will proclaim,
Your doctrines I maun blame,
 you shall hear, you shall hear
Your doctrines I maun blame,
 you shall hear.

What is Right, and What is Wrang,
 by the law, by the law?
What is Right and what is Wrang
 by the law?
What is Right, and what is Wrang?
A weak arm and a strang,
A short sword, and a lang,
 for to draw, for to draw
A short sword, and a lang, for to draw.

What makes heroic strife,
famed afar, famed afar?
What makes heroic strife famed afar?
What makes heroic strife?
To whet th' assassin's knife,
Or haunt a Parent's life, wi' bluidy war?

Then let your schemes alone,
in the state, in the state,
Then let your schemes alone in the state.
So let your schemes alone,
Adore the rising sun,
And leave a man undone,
to his fate, to his fate.
And leave a man undone, to his fate.

The Sound of Iona

TRADITIONAL SCOTTISH BALLAD; ARRANGED BY CLIFFORD SHOCKNEY

The Sound of Iona has been lovingly set for the Scotsman on our program and the Sacramento Master Singers! Iona is a small island in the Inner Hebrides off the western coast of Scotland. It was the center of monasticism for four centuries and today is known for its tranquility and natural beauty.

I can see the white spray flying
Over the Sound of Iona.
I can hear the seagulls crying
Over the Sound of Iona.
Sail away, sail away
Over the Sound of Iona.

I can see the breakers prancing
Over the Sound of Iona.
I can see the red boats dancing
Over the Sound of Iona.

Sail away, sail away
Over the Sound of Iona.

Oh if I could live forever
Near to the Sound of Iona.
I would leave you never, never
Lovely Sound of Iona.
Sail away, sail away
Over the Sound of Iona.

The St. Kilda Wedding/Connemara Girl

TRADITIONAL SCOTTISH REEL/TRADITIONAL IRISH FOLK SONG
ARRANGED BY MEN OF WORTH/ARRANGED BY JIMMY FITZGERALD

The Gaelic name for The St. Kilda Wedding is Bhanais Hiortach or A' Bhanais Irteach. This Traditional Scottish reel is especially popular among fiddlers and comes from the remote Atlantic archipelago of St. Kilda, far off Scotland's West Coast. Jimmy Fitzgerald is a songwriter from Galway in the west of Ireland. Connemara Girl tells the story of a country girl moving into the town and capturing the heart of the writer only to slip through his hesitation.

I know a girl on a Connemara farm,
Pretty as can be.
A pretty little thing on a Connemara farm,
No prettier could she be.
And I do believe, I do believe,
She was the girl for me.
I do believe she was the girl for me.

She moved down to Ragoon Park,
Got a job in town.
She moved down to Ragoon Park,
The more she came around.
She and I saw eye to eye,
Even now I don't know why.
Guess that she was just the one for me.

I turned her down on New Year's Day,
Said, "My soul was saved."
Turned her down on New Year's Day,
And watched her walk away.

And I guess on this revision,
That I made the wrong decision.
I guess that she was just the one for me.

Black Is the Color

TRADITIONAL SCOTTISH FOLK MELODY

Although many versions of the tune exist for these lyrics, the reference to the Clyde River of Scotland in them supports the theory that the song is an American "re-make of British materials." The original tune was collected by English composer and folk song archivist Cecil Sharp while visiting Kentucky. American performer/composer/song collector John Jacob Niles improved on this melody in the early 1900s, creating the one known best today. We learned the song from Christy Moore's version on his stellar recording "Live in Dublin."

CHORUS

Black is the color of my true love's hair.
Her lips are like some roses fair.
She's the sweetest smile,
and the gentlest hands.
I love the ground whereon she stands.

I love my love, and well she knows.
I love the ground whereon she goes.
I wish the day it soon would come,
When she and I could be as one.

CHORUS

I go to the Clyde and mourn and weep,
For satisfied I never can be.
I write her a letter, just a few short lines,
And suffer death a thousand times.

CHORUS

Ta Mo Chleamhnas Deanta

TRADITIONAL IRISH FOLK SONG

The tradition of matchmaking was quite common in Ireland until the 20th Century, with individual matchmakers residing the many localities. In some cases, the couple had usually known one another since childhood. This was not always so; sometimes, there was no love found between bride and groom. In this case, she gets away across the ocean.

Ta mo chleamhnas deanta o athru areir
S'ni mo na go dtaithnioonn an bhean
liom fein
Ach fagfaidh me i mo dhiaidh i
'Gus imeoidh me liom fein
Ar fud na gcoillte craobhach

Shiuil mise thoir agus shiuil mise thiar.
Shiuil mise Corcaigh 'gus sraide Bh'l'ath Cliath
Ach samhail de mo chailin deas
ni fhaca mise riamh.
'Si an bhean dubh a dhfhag mo chroi craite

*My match it was made here last night,
To a girl I neither love
nor like.
But I'll take my own advice,
And leave her behind,
And go roaming the wild woods all over.*

*I walked up and I walked down.
I walked Cork, and Dublin, and Belfast towns,
But no equal to my true love
could I find.
She's the wee lass that's left my heart broken.*

D'eirigh me ar maidin dha uair roimh an la
'Gus fuair me litir o mo mhile ghra
Chuala me an smoilin's an londubh a ra
Gur ealiagh mo ghra thar saile

*I got up two hours before day
And I got a letter from my true love.
I heard the blackbird and linnet say
That my love had crossed the ocean.*

Loch Lomond

SCOTTISH FOLKSONG, ARRANGED BY JONATHAN QUICK

Loch Lomond is a Scottish folk song that dates back to the Jacobite Rebellion. Following the battle of Culloden Field in 1746 the Scottish clans were scattered and displaced from their lands. This song is a lament sung by one who is returning home, but despairs of ever being reunited with his love. — Michael Hanawalt, 2001

By yon bonnie banks
and by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright
on Loch Lomond,
Where me and my true love
were ever wont to gae,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks
of Loch Lomond.

'Twas there that we parted,
in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep sides of Ben Lomond,
Where, deep in purple hue,
the Highland hills we view,
And the moon coming out
in the gloamin'.

CHORUS

Oh ye'll take the high road,
an' I'll take the low road,
An' I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But me and me true love
will never meet again,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks
of Loch Lomond.

CHORUS

The wee birdies sing,
and the wild flowers spring,
And in sunshine the waters lie sleeping.
But the broken heart will ken,
nae second spring again,
And the world knows not how
we are grieving.

CHORUS

She Moved Through the Fair

IRISH BALLAD; ARRANGED BY TIMOTHY C. TAKACH

This piece is known in Ireland as one of their oldest folk songs, possibly dating back to Medieval times. The haunting melody tells the story of a young man and the beautiful woman he hopes to marry.

My young love said to me,
My mother won't mind
And my father won't slight you
For your lack of kind.
And she stepped away from me
And this she did say:
It will not be long, Love,
'Til our wedding day.

She stepped away from me
And she went through the fair
And fondly I watched her
Move here and move there.
And then she went homeward,
With one star awake,
As the swan in the evening
Moves over the lake.

Last night she came to me,
She came softly in.
So softly she came
That her feet made no din.

As she laid her hand on me,
And this she did say:
It will not be long, love,
'Til our wedding day.

Dúlamán

IRISH WORKING SONG; ARRANGED BY MICHAEL MCGLYNN

In Ireland, the people who lived along the west coast often had to farm on stony land. One of the solutions to this problem was the spreading of seaweed on the land, which rotted, and then was used as soil. The text of Dúlamán would have been written as a work song that was sung, like the Waulking Songs of Scotland, with a cantor and an answer from the assembled company as they gathered the weed. Seaweed was also eaten (and still is) in Ireland, and most likely this text would have been sung in that context, too. — McGlynn

A'níon mhín ó, sin anall na fi r shúirí
A mháithair mhín ó, cuir na roithléan
go dtí mé

*O gentle daughter, here come the wooing men
O gentle mother, put the wheels in motion
for me*

CHORUS

Dúlamán, dúlamán, dúlamán
na binne buí
Dúlamán na binne buí Gaelach

CHORUS

*Seaweed, seaweed, seaweed
of the yellow peaks
Gaelic seaweed of the yellow peaks*

Rachaimid go Doire leis an
dúlamán gaelach
Is ceannóimid bróga daora ar an
dúlamán gaelach

*I would go to Dore with the
Gaelic seaweed
"I would buy expensive shoes," said the
Gaelic seaweed*

CHORUS

Bróga breaca dubha ar an
dúlamán gaelach
Tá dhá chluais mhaol ar an dúlamán
gaelach

CHORUS

*The Gaelic seaweed has beautiful
black shoes
There are two blunt ears on the Gaelic
seaweed*

EXTENDED CHORUS

A'níon mhín ó, sin anall na fi r shúirí
A mháithair mhín ó, cuir na roithléan
go dtí mé

EXTENDED CHORUS

*O gentle daughter, here come the wooing men
O gentle mother, put the wheels in motion
for me*

CHORUS

Tá ceann buí óir ar an
dúlamán gaelach
Tá dhá chluais mhaol ar an
dúlamán gaelach

CHORUS

*There is a yellow gold head on the
Gaelic seaweed
There are two blunt ears on the
Gaelic seaweed*

EXTENDED CHORUS

EXTENDED CHORUS

The Voice

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BRENDAN GRAHAM; ARRANGED BY ROGER EMERSON

The Celtic people believed that the physical world and the spiritual world are connected. That in life we experience the four seasons: birth, growth, death and rebirth, and that these are unavoidable. The Voice speaks to the Irish people, reminding them of their history, their struggles, and the strength of their collective spirit. The song expresses the desire to be liberated from pain and suffering, yet it also expresses the faith in their own resilience, and the belief that peace is attainable.

I hear your voice on the wind and I hear
you call out my name.

Listen, my child, you say to me,
I am the voice of your history.
Be not afraid, come follow me.
Answer my call and I'll set you free.

I am the voice in the wind
and the pouring rain,
I am the voice of your hunger and pain,
I am the voice that always is calling you,
I am the voice, I will remain.

I am the voice in the fields when the
summer's gone,
The dance of the leaves
when the autumn winds blow.
Ne'er do I sleep throughout
all the cold winter long,
I am the force that in springtime will grow.

I am the voice of the past,
that will always be,
Filled with my sorrows
and blood in my fields.
I am the voice of the future,
Bring me your peace. Bring me your peace
and my wounds they will heal.

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